

# THE REAL JACK LONDON TO BE MET ONLY IN HAWAII

There He Was Free to Be at His Best, Says One Who Knew Him and Mrs. London in Their Island Days

By MAE LACY BAGGS.

HAD known Jack London in San Francisco, I had visited the London ranch house at Santa Rosa, but never had I known the real Jack London until I saw him in Hawaii.

Before I had seen him in Hawaii, I had read of the Wolf Larsen of "The Sea Wolf," cruel, relentless, tyrannical; something of the breeder in his "Little Lady of the Big House," cold, scientific, materialist; but in Hawaii—a land of love and beauty—he was different. I had thought that I knew it to be true that this was the real London, that this had shown him his real self.

It was our first morning in Honolulu, early in the new year of 1915. We had come out from the Moana Hotel at Waikiki for an early morning plunge. I knew that the Londons had one of the adjacent Seaside Hotel cottages, but my delight was great to find Mrs. London already on the beach. Greeting us was scarcely over when Mr. London walked out of the water with his surfboard under his arm.

"Aloha!" was his first word, intoned with the true Hawaiian quaver. And then, "You had to come too?"

He referred, of course, to the well known and strong impelling force that sooner or later reaches all lovers of the rare and beautiful and draws them to Hawaii, maybe for a month's stay, maybe forever. Time and circumstance, not place, decides the length of stay. If it were just place Hawaii would have to spread its shores and take in the whole world.

It was destined that I see much of

the Londons, both in Honolulu and on the other islands. Their cottage at Waikiki Beach was not a stone throw from the lagoon (Hawaiian for veranda) of our beach hotel. Hour after hour, while rainbows played their elusive game, now back up through the Moana Valley, now through sifting spray, liquid sunshine, as the Hawaiian has it, of the dreamlike coral sea, a group of congenial spirits sat around a table on the lanai and talked of strange lands, strange seas and stranger people.

The Jack London of popular conception had no relation to the man himself. In a measure he was responsible for this misunderstanding. He never tried to cover up the facts of his lowly birth, his early struggles for existence, to say nothing of his struggle for recognition as a writer. Instead his life was one long attempt to convince the world through his pen that the conditions which produced his pitiful beginnings were all wrong.

His method was chiefly to show up every man as a primitive, with primitive passions—brutes. Now a brute, an animal in other words, he would argue, never strikes except in self-defense; the corporation, organized capital, itself beyond the reach of a blow, strikes deep and crushes the soul of the poor who left to itself would not harm a flea.

But Mr. London did not always talk on such deep, headaching topics. His remarks, his observations, his stories were as light and as frothy as the spray that dashed over the coral reef and broke on the shore at our feet.

He was at his best when telling South Sea tales, sometimes of the petty, mimic kingdoms set up by conquering Polynesians on an atoll, sometimes of a hog of a trader, as he dubbed the usual white man found out of the way ports of call. But we were always subjected to his wife's

revision of the stories he set out to tell, yet always between them was perfect trust and understanding.

"Let me see, Jack," she would interpose, a merry twinkle dancing in her eyes, "just—what—story—is—that?"

Without any show of resentment ever, he would come back with a word that would act as cue. As often as not, looking the assembly over, Mrs. London would say:

"No, mate. Tell this one—" starting him off with a keynote.

One night he was particularly eager to go beyond his wife's ruling and, looking us over, his eyes rested on me, when he said:

"I do wish I knew all of you better—

for this is a good story."

It was plain Mr. London's contact with a life that had few frills had made him indifferent to social amenities, to the small conventions that brand a thing risqué, taboo.

You must know that Mr. London had no parlor upbringing and few parlor manners. He was a man who never got over feeling self-conscious in the presence of some one born into a walk of life commonly considered above his. Never by a word did he recognize class, but his manner betrayed instinctive reverence for that elusive yet unmistakable something known as "breeding."

His greeting always bore that "Pleased to meet you" smile. Somehow his diffidence matched his appearance, matched his shuffling gait, his shock of unruly hair, his soft colored shirts, his loose belted, unpressed trousers. For, as to look, Mr. London was not a lady's man, if we accept the model men writers place to our credit. But Mr. London was a man's man, therefore, a woman's man. More than that he was a child's man.

Illustrative of the latter trait is the following incident:

On a ranch on Maui, the high island,



JACK LONDON



THE JACK LONDON OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

three islands away, as distance is measured in the Hawaiian archipelago, where the Londons had gone when the weather had become too hot for creative work in Honolulu, Mr. London had taken a marked interest at once in the little daughters of his host, Louis von Temsky. The first night after dinner we were sitting on the large lanai overlooking a valley that reached down to the sea. One of the children, a little girl of 9, encouraged by the friendly smile in Mr. London's eyes, added up to the writer and said shyly:

"Mr. London, we," indicating her sister of 12, who took herself seriously as an artist and liked to be read to in her garret studio while so employed, "we have been reading one of your books."

In a manner not quite sure of himself and shy as the child's he replied: "Have you? Which one?"

"The Valley of the Moon," replied the little girl.

"How far have you read?" Mr. London was as hesitant as the little brand and butter girl herself.

With a choke in her throat from holding a conversation with the book's author, the big man himself, she looked helplessly at her sister.

"Oh, sister, where were we reading yesterday—when we got so sleepy?"

For a moment the air was tense; then Mrs. London, who is graciousness itself, broke the spell with a ringing laugh.

Of Jack London's relation with his wife, Charmian, he always called her, it hurts me to talk, now that he is gone. Always she was his "mate." They were constantly together—more so in Hawaii than elsewhere, for his interests on the ranch or his big holdings down in the Imperial Valley of southern California called him far away. In Hawaii it was different. Even while her husband was writing his thousand words a day, his "mate" called it, she was always hovering near, ready at a word to do his bidding.

Mr. London's Japanese secretary, who typed his "stuff"—Mr. London always wrote in long hand—on a small aluminum typewriter, married a pretty little Japanese maiden while in Honolulu. The London's treatment of the writer because of the wifeup he gave the leper colony on Molokai. Later, however, they recognized that his criticism had been most friendly and provocative of good results, and no man has ever set foot on those most hospitable shores who has received, in the years since, such a warm, wet welcome as that accorded Jack London.

Last year, when the committee appointed by Congress to investigate the sugar conditions in the islands was being entertained, it was to Jack London that the Hawaiian Promotion Club looked for first aid in showing the visitors the real charms and wonders of the islands. He had a free hand and was told to stop at no length in the way of entertainment. And he didn't.

But like, another master mind he could save others from being denied their wants, himself he could not save. It was up at the Volcano House, the hotel that sits at the edge of Kilauea's crater. Well, it was a hot day, and the Congressmen, surely to a man, had been thirsty. Julian Monsarrat, manager of the Kapapala ranch, felt himself suddenly pulled by the coat tails.

"I say, Julian, the Scotch is all gone. It's all there—any down at your ranch?"

"Sure!" And Mr. Monsarrat called to his Jap driver, who was gazing at the spewing sulphur beds. "Just look up Wang, he has the keys to the cellar!" he sang out after the disappearing car.

A few weeks later we were guests at the ranch. Mr. Monsarrat told us the story.

It seems Wang, the Chinese butler, was not in sight when the ranch house was reached, and, of course, Mr. London could not lose any time looking for keys. The handsome koa wood door was splintered. I think he must have

stood joke on his friend. We have to take into account his untimely nature. He probably didn't stop to think of his act, but it was at once an interruption of life—a rebellion against standards and established order.

Along the Oakland waterfront the old salts will now be recounting rippling tales of the "young dave" London who could drink any man down at the bar and knock any two of them down at once who had the temerity to refuse his invitation to "line up." Yet it is difficult to think of such colossal strength as ascribed to him.

For Mr. London was barely of average height. True, his shoulders were a bit more than medium broad, but his chest was far from a full one. And then there was a looseness about his frame that kept down the suggestion of strength or physical prowess.

He was probably underfed as a lad, and his early dissipation, which he tells of without hesitation in his "John Barleycorn," which is largely autobiographical—he bought beer instead of peanuts—accounts for his failure to fill out later. Then, too, no man or boy who ships before the mast on a whaler or its equivalent in the guise of a deckhand is going to have enough sleep, much less enough hard tack. If they did, they'd get lousy, the rascals, an old salt would tell you, and unfit for work.

Now, Mr. London may have lived—his face and his figure told in their lines of deprivation and struggle that he had been through plenty of hard work, but the effort of making each phase of life give its secret had cost him.

No doubt the reason Hawaii appealed to him so intensely was because here life was virtually without effort. Back of the ranch, even the tremendous breeding problems his anthropological mind had set as his task; down on his vast holdings in the Imperial valley were being tried out plant breeding and cross breeding, but here in Hawaii, which he was beginning to call his real home, he wanted to the suggestion of ease that each report whispered.

To him the full of the wishing was a new language, and the whole of the islands spoke of a life he had failed to grasp, the joys really to be found in a dolce far niente existence. "All that beauty all that wealth," he gave was here within reach. And there was more still.

There was the Hawaiian aloha, the love. Not only is this beautiful spirit of love found in the native, but each man, woman and child, basely adding for himself, even though he has it not upon arrival, finds it in the smiling of his soul.

And Jack London early breathed it out.

And they'll miss him in Hawaii. And they'll pay his memory respect with a memorial service in the native church, and we have him here, the Hawaiian kahili on a staff back and forth to the recurrent beat of the ancient song of the native warriors. And then there will follow stories of London, stories of his kindness and attention to scores of his number, for his face and smile, all that beauty all that wealth, he gave was here within reach. And there was more still.

Fishers by the sea, with spear poised, stopped their spear in midair to smile out "aloha" to his call from a pebble-boring crag; oftentimes in the same spirit he was welcomed by the waters on the beach at night who flashed a torch to attract the hungry trout. Jack London wore sandals with wooden heels and too pieces to spare the bare feet from the coral pebbles in the shallow waters. From the native too he had learned to manage a surfboard as skillfully as any Kanaka, a thing possible to only a strangely privileged few who have grown up in the Hawaiian Islands.

It was difficult to tell just when Jack London did the quantity of water that came from his pen. He was so much in evidence in Honolulu and elsewhere in the islands that it was hardly possible to associate him with the prolific writer he was known to be. A novel of his, "Jerry," a dozen stories, announced to begin as a series of the magazine's next month, was published in Honolulu early in 1915, another dog novel to follow.

"Michael" (each of about 50,000 words) was about completed when he died. London sailed for San Francisco in July of that year.

They returned to the Islands in January following, and in a powered Jap sampan made a tour of the outlying islands and at last a way. Only recently in early April, in fact—the press reported that Mrs. London had again returned from their new home, Hawaii, and Jack London might be present at the Hawaiian Club's annual outing, the Links.

For years Mr. London has been a guiding spirit, and although not belonging to this unique organization, and come from all over the world, the annual outing, the Links, has been a success. The same report said the Londons would return to Honolulu after the end of the new year.

How little one knows of what life holds in store is shown in some of the few years ago. He spoke of his acceptance.

He had built up his case, every day, to his willingness to accept the minimum rate, which by some firm of reasoning his unseasoned experience had told was \$40. And the check was for \$5. To quote "That I did not mind that and there comes no time when I possessed of a singularly English soul which will permit me to quit for the oldest inhabitant."

And had it been possible to purchase a lease on mortal life by "bribe" of \$5, succeeding generations would have known—and also loved—Mr. London in his Hawaiian home. But it was not to be.

Yet to Hawaii there has fallen a lot drawn by few places, to be chosen by all the world for Mr. London and travelled far—as the preferred home of a man of such unusual character and ability. What, Stevenson was to Scotland, London was to Hawaii, and now Hawaii is come more and more to the public eye; it is more in the beaten path. It will have those who come after who would sing its praises with praise. But the "aloha" of Hawaii is a faithful one. Jack and Mrs. London, just few stories away from Mr. London was to Hawaii, and now Hawaii is come more and more to the public eye; it is more in the beaten path. It will have those who come after who would sing its praises with praise. But the "aloha" of Hawaii is a faithful one. Jack and Mrs. London, just few stories away from Mr. London was to Hawaii, and now Hawaii is come more and more to the public eye; it is more in the beaten path. It will have those who come after who would sing its praises with praise. 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